

L.E. Go tell the Count Rossillon and my brother,
We haue caught the woodcocke, and will keepe him
Till we do heare from them. (muffled)

Sol. Captaine I will.
L.E. A will betray vs all vnto our selues,
Informe on that.

Sol. So I will fir.

L.E. Till then Ile keepe him darke and safely lockt.

Enter Bertram, and the Maide called
Diana.

Ber. They told me that your name was Fontybell.

Dia. No my good Lord, Diana.

Ber. Titled Goddesse,

And worth it with addition: but faire soule,
In your fine frame hath loue no qualitie?
If the quicke fire of youth light not your minde,
You are no Maiden but a monument
When you are dead you should be such a one
As you are now: for you are cold and sterne,
And now you should be as your mother was
When your sweet selfe was got.

Dia. She then was honest.

Ber. So should you be.

Dia. No:

My mother did but dutie, such (my Lord)

As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more a'that:

I prethee do not strue against my vowes:
I was compell'd to her, but I loue thee
By Ioues owne sweet constraint, and will for euer
Do thee all rights of seruice.

Dia. I so you serue vs

Till we serue you: But when you haue our Roses,
You barely leaue our thornes to pricke our selues,
And mocke vs with our barenesse.

Ber. How haue I sworne.

Dia. Tis not the many oathes that makes the truth,
But the plaine single vow, that is vow'd true:

What is not holie, that we sweare not by,
But take the high'st to witnesse: then pray you tell me,
If I should sweare by Ioues great attributes,

I Ioud you deere, would you beleue my oathes,
When I did loue you ill? This ha's no holding
To sweare by him whom I protest to loue

That I will worke against him. Therefore your oathes
Are words and poore conditions, but vseal'd
At left in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it:

Be not so holy cruell: Loue is holie,
And my integritie ne're knew the crafts
That you do charge men with: Stand no more off,
But giue thy selfe vnto my sicke desires,
Who then recouers. Say thou art mine, and euer
My loue as it begins, shall so perseuer.

Dia. I see that men make rope's in such a scarre,
That we'll forsake our selues. Giue me that Ring.

Ber. Ile lend it thee my deere; but haue no power
To giue it from me.

Dia. Will you not my Lord?

Ber. It is an honour longing to our house,
Bequeathed downe from many Ancestors,
Which were the greatest obloquie i'th world,
In mee to loose.

Dia. Mine Honors such a Ring,
My chastities the Jewell of our house,

Bequeathed downe from many Ancestors,
Which were the greatest obloquie i'th world,
In mee to loose. Thus your owne proper wisdom
Brings in the Champion honor on my part,
Against your vaine assault.

Ber. Heere, take my Ring,
My house, mine honor, yea my life be thine,
And Ile be bid by thee.

Dia. Which midnight comes, knocke at my cham-
ber window:

Ile order take, my mother shall not heare.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you haue conquer'd my yet maiden-bed,

Remaine there but an houre, nor speake to mee:
My reasons are most strong, and you shall know them,
When backe againe this Ring shall be deliuer'd:

And on your finger in the night, Ile put
Another Ring, that what in time proceeds,
May token to the future, our past deeds.

Adieu till then, then faile not: you haue wonne
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Ber. A heauen on earth I haue won by wooing thee,
Di. For which, liue long to thank both heauen & me,
You may so in the end.

My mother told me iust how he would woo,
As if she fate in's heart. She sayes, all men
Haue the like oathes: He had sworne to marrie me
When his wife's dead: therefore Ile lye with him
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braide,
Marry that will, I liue and die a Maid:

Onely in this disguise, I think't no sinne,
To cosen him that would vniufully winne.

Enter the two French Captaines, and some two or three
Soldiours.

Cap.G. You haue not giuen him his mothers letter.

Cap.E. I haue deliuer'd it an houre since, there is som-
thing in't that stings his nature: for on the reading it,
he chang'd almost into another man.

Cap.G. He has much worthy blame laid vpon him,
for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a Lady.

Cap.E. Especially, hee hath incur'd the euilllasting
displeasure of the King, who had euen tun'd his bounty
to sing happinesse to him, I will tell you a thing, but
you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

Cap.G. When you haue spoken it 'tis dead, and I am
the graue of it.

Cap.E. Hee hath peruerted a young Gentlewoman
heere in Florence, of a most chaste renown, & this night
he fleshes his will in the spoyle of her honour: hee hath
giuen her his monumentall Ring, and thinkes himselfe
made in the vnchaste composition.

Cap.G. Now God delay our rebellion as we are our
selues, what things are we?

Cap.E. Meere our owne traitours. And as in the
common course of all treasons, we still see them reueale
themselves, till they attaine to their abhor'd ends: so
he that in this action contriues against his owne Nobili-
ty in his proper streame, ore-flows himselfe.

Cap.G. Is it not meane damnable in vs, to be Trum-
peters of our vniawfull intents? We shall nee then haue
his company to night?

Cap.E. Not till after midnigh: for hee's dieted to
his houre.

Cap.G. That approaches apace: I would gladly haue
him see his company anathemiz'd, that hee might take

a measure of his owne iudgements, wherein so curiously
he had set this counterfeite.

Cap.E. We will not meddle with him till he come;
for his presence must be the whip of the other.

Cap.G. In the meane time, what heere you of these
Warres?

Cap.E. I heere there is an ouerture of peace.

Cap.G. Nay, I assure you a peace concluded.

Cap.E. What will Count Rossillon do then? Will he
trauaille higher, or retorne againe into France?

Cap.G. I perceiue by this demand, you are not alto-
gether of his counsell.

Cap.E. Let it be forbid fir, so should I bee a great
deale of his act.

Cap.G. Sir, his wife some two months since fledde
from his house, her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Ia-
ques le grand; which holy vnder-taking, with most au-
thenticke sanctimonie shee accomplisht: and there residing,
the tendernes of her Nature, became as a prey to her
griefe: in fine, made a groane of her last breath, & now
shee sings in heauen.

Cap.E. How is this iustified?

Cap.G. The stronger part of it by her owne Letters,
which makes her storie true, euen to the poynt of her
death: her death it selfe, which could not be her office
to say, is come: was faithfully confirm'd by the Rector
of the place.

Cap.E. Hath the Count all this intelligence?

Cap.G. I, and the particular confirmations, point
from point, to the full arming of the veritie.

Cap.E. I am heartily sorrie that hee'l bee gladd of
this.

Cap.G. How mightily sometimes, we make vs com-
forts of our losses.

Cap.E. And how mightily some other times, wee
drowne our gaine in teares: the great dignitie that his
valour hath here acquir'd for him, shall at home be en-
countred with a shame as ample.

Cap.G. The webbe of our life, is of a mingled yarne,
good and ill together: our vertues would bee proud, if
our faults whipt them not, and our crimes would dis-
paire if they were not cherish'd by our vertues.

Enter a Messenger.

How now? Where's your master?

Ser. He met the Duke in the street fir, of whom hee
hath taken a solemne leaue: his Lordshippe will next
morning for France. The Duke hath offered him let-
ters of commendations to the King.

Cap.E. They shall bee no more then needfull there,
if they were more then they can commend.

Enter Count Rossillon.

Ber. They cannot be too sweete for the Kings tart-
nesse, heere's his Lordship now. How now my Lord,
is't not after midnigh?

Ber. I haue to night dispatch'd sixteene busineses, a
moneths length a peece, by an abstract of success: I
haue congiud with the Duke, done my adieu with his
nearest, buried a wife, mourn'd for her, writ to my La-
die mother, I am returning, entertain'd my Conuoy, &
betwene these maine parcels of dispatch, affected ma-
ny nicker needs: the last was the greatest, but that I haue
not ended yet.

Cap.E. If the businesse bee of any difficulty, and this
morning your departure hence, it requires hast of your

Lordship.

Ber. I meane the businesse is
to heare of it hereafter: but shall
betwene the Foole and the Sol
forth this counterfet module, ha
double-meaning Prophecie.

Cap.E. Bring him forth; ha's s
poore gallant knaue.

Ber. No matter, his heeles ha
ping his spurtes so long. How

Cap.E. I haue told your Lo
stockes carrie him. But to answ
vnderstood, hee weepes like a v
milke, he hath confest himselfe
supposes to be a Friar, fro the ti
to this very instant disaster of h
and what thinke you he hath co

Ber. Nothing of me, ha's a?

Cap.E. His confession is take
to his face, if your Lordshippe
are, you must haue the patience

Enter Parolles with his

Ber. A plague vpon him, mu
of me: hush, hush.

Cap.G. Hoodman comes: A
Inter. He calles for the tort
without em.

Par. I will confesse what I kn
If ye pinch me like a Pasty, I ca
Inter. Booke Chisurcho.

Cap. Bobbinado chisurmuco.

Inter. You are a mercifull Gen
bids you answere to what I shall

Par. And truly, as I hope to
Inter. First demand of him, ho
is strong. What say you to tha

Par. Five or sixe thousand,
seruiceable: the troopes are all
manders verie poore rogues, v
credit, and as I hope to liue.

Inter. Shall I set downe your

Par. Do, Ile take the Sacra
way you will: all's one to him

Ber. What a past-sauing fla
Cap.G. Yare decei'd my l

Parolles the gallant militarist,
that had the whole theoricke o
scarfe, and the practise in theie

Cap.E. I will neuer trust a n
his sword cleane, nor beleue
in him, by wearing his appare

Inter. Well, that's set downe

Par. Five or sixe thousand h
or thereabouts set downe, for

Cap.G. He's very nere the

Ber. But I con him no than
deliueirs it.

Par. Poore rogues, I pray

Inter. Well, that's set downe

Par. I humbly thanke you
Rogues are maruailous poore.

Inter. Demand of him of
foot. What say you to that?

Par. By my troth fir, if
houre, I will tell true. Let me